

Liturgies.- Haggadah.-English. 1896.

HAGGADAH

OR

HOME SERVICE

FOR THE FESTIVAL OF

PASSOVER.

BY
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Talmud, etc. etc.

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To the Officers and Members of
REFORM CONGREGATION KENESETH ISRAEL,
And with cordial thanks to its honored President,
MR. PHILIP LEWIN,
At whose suggestion this Haggadah has been composed
This little service is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

Home Service for the Passover.

(The family should assemble around a table, at the head of which should be seated the parents. In the centre of the table there should be placed an American flag, some unleavened bread, a few flowers, a glass of wine and some lighted candles. Each of these symbols, which are purely arbitrary, will be explained subsequently. A wine glass should be placed before each of those present, as on four different occasions, appropriate sentiments will be pledged. This being intended for family use, to be read by father or mother to a small congregation consisting of their children and possibly also of invited guests, the use of the terms READER and CHILD will be readily understood!)

(The whole company shall recite the following in unison;)

OPENING PRAYER.

O Lord our God, how excellent is Thy Name in all the earth! We adore Thee and worship Thee, we extol and we love Thee, Source of all life. Thou alone art our God. O Eternal Father of all mankind! Thou alone art our Savior, and beside Thee there is none. At Thy altar, all Thy children do swear fealty and bow in reverence.

Guard us in Thy love. Guide us in Thy path. May we prove our love for Thee, O Father of all, by our devotion to Thy children, our fellowmen. May we be disposed to show unto others the consideration we seek for ourselves. May we overcome temptation and adhere to the law of righteousness. May our joys and sorrows become messengers of grace to lead us unto Thee, May we deal with our fellowmen as Thou dealest with us. Help us to receive our portion in life gratefully, and through all the chances and changes of our existence may we be able to say: Thy ways are just. For Thou art a God of Love and Thy kingdom endureth forever. As Thou hast been with us in the past, so continue to be in the future, O God and Father of all, Amen.

HAGGADAH.

(The Reader, taking a glass of wine in his hand shall then say:)

We are gathered to-night within the home-sanctuary in honor of our holy religion and of our great and eventful history. We cannot help feeling grateful that although another cycle of seasons has passed, we are still spared to one another. We are thankful to God for the goodness He has shown us, for the blessings of health and home, friends and country. Our religion is most elevating, our history is most ennobling. Both of them have claims upon us which demand our constant devotion. To our religion may we remain steadfast, to our history may we remain true, by carrying on the work for which our fathers so nobly struggled, suffering death in preference to desertion and torture rather than be traitors. Memories sad and sweet, tearful and joyful, does this evening awaken. But it likewise arouses hopes fair and bright, unsullied and unstained as the gladsome light of day in a

morning without clouds. To these memories and hopes I pledge this glass of wine, and as it passes from lip to lip, may there go with it the loving promise to live for the faith of our fathers and to strive for it bravely and unfalteringly, until victory crowns our efforts with success and all men unite with us in proclaiming the Unity of God, and the Unity of the Human Family. Amen.

(The glass shall then be passed around as a loving-cup, and all having drunk therefrom the Parents should pronounce a benediction on the head of each of their children. After being again seated one of the younger members of the family shall ask :)

Why do we observe this service in the home to-night? Why do we observe customs that differ so much from those we follow on any other evening in the year? What is the meaning of the flag and the flowers, the unleavened bread and the wine and also these lights? Why is this holiday so important that we should celebrate it in so marked a manner?

READER .

Because, at this season of the year our ancestors, who were slaves in the land of Egypt, struggled bravely for freedom and under the guidance of the great prophet, Moses, gained their liberty. This important event is said to have occurred on an evening in the spring month at full moon; that is this very night. We can then understand why the Scriptures, attributing the whole deliverance of our fathers from Egyptian bondage to Almighty God, should say (*Ex. XII, 42*). "It is a night to be much observed unto the Lord for bringing them out of the land of Egypt: this is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generations."

Only a handful of slaves were released, but every civil-

ized nation has been affected by the event. Only a rude shepherd tribe was liberated four thousand years ago from the brickfields along the Nile, yet the mightiest peoples have felt the influence of that far-distant occurrence. It is true that only our early forefathers were redeemed from bondage; yet, such is our sympathy with the great memories of the past, that, on such a night as this we feel ourselves under the charm of the event as though we ourselves had been brought out of an Egypt. For the history of our religion and its followers is full of events similar to that which we so happily celebrate to-night.

CHILD .

Will you tell us that history in a few words?

READER:

The founder of our religion came from the far East. Abraham, who lived among the Chaldeans, seemed to understand that the worship of an unseen God was better than bowing before idols, and that religion should be a blessing and not a curse. He felt himself called upon to oppose the religions of his day, to establish the belief in one God, "the Lord, the most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth," and to go out to the world and announce his belief. Thus with Abraham began the history of our religion and its followers, and from his day to ours we have felt it to be our highest privilege to enjoy the mission of Israel, "through whom all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."

Our early fathers were shepherds, wandering from place to place, as the desert tribes do to this day. Isaac and Jacob handed down the traditions of Abraham to their descendants, who, through the influence of Joseph, had settled in the land of Goshen, in Egypt. Here seventy Hebrew souls flourished and prospered and grew into a

powerful people. But as soon as they acquired power and influence they also gained the enmity of the rulers of Egypt, who determined to crush them by unheard of cruelty. The Pharaohs subjected the Israelites to hard bondage and visited upon them indescribable brutality. They were made slaves, to labor without hope of reward, to toil without opportunity for rest. They built treasure cities for Pharaoh, the King of Egypt, and were compelled to make their own bricks. This persecution was carried on for many years, when the greatest man in the history of Israel, if not of the world, Moses, undertook the task of releasing his enslaved brethren. Appearing before Pharaoh, he read the first Declaration of Independence and demanded the release of Israel, who should serve God and not man. The appeal was disregarded, and only after continued persuasion, only after many misfortunes befell the Egyptians did the hardhearted monarch consent to the release of Israel. No sooner did the King let the people go than he regretted his act and pursued after them to bring them back. Israel was encamped by the Red Sea when he saw the Egyptians following him. By a happy coincidence Moses led his people so that they might pass over to the other shore, but the Egyptians perished in the surging waves of the sea. Moses now led the people through the desert of Arabia and a few weeks later gave them at Sinai the first laws that were to govern them, and afterwards, to rule the world. It was the plan of Moses to take his people to the land of Palestine and to divide up the land among the various tribes. He however died on the border of the Promised Land on Mount Nebo, and Joshua succeeded him and carried on his work.

For a few hundred years the Israelites lived in Palestine under a republican form of government. Finally they adopted the custom of the surrounding nations and elected Saul as king. He was succeeded by David, Solomon and

Rehoboam. It was under this last king that the nation became divided into the kingdoms of Judah and Israel. Once divided, the nation became a prey to surrounding warlike peoples. Assyria and Babylon led the people captive. After seventy years spent in the gloom of exile they returned to Palestine and re-established their Temple and their religion. Brief was their joy, for Syria soon attempted the overthrow of the Jews and their religion. The brave Maccabees delivered their country from foreign interference in so courageous a manner as to have evoked the admiration of the whole world. Finally Rome attacked Jerusalem, and against such odds the Jews could not endure. Jerusalem and Judea fell before the legions of Rome, the Jews were exiled and despoiled. From the fall of Jerusalem until this day the fate of the Jewish people has not been one of unmixed happiness. Still, they have clung to the belief that their religion shall yet become a blessing unto the whole world, and not till that time will they give up their faith.

CHILD .

Does the history of the Jewish people show that they have been saved for some purpose ?

READER .

Indeed it does. For ages Israel, among the nations, was like a trembling dove in the claws of a greedy hawk, like a small fish pursued by a voracious shark, as the Talmud puts it "like a lamb among wolves." The fierce determination with which our fathers clung to what was theirs, aroused antagonism on the part of their heathen conquerors or rulers. "How dare this small Israelitish people refuse to bend the knee to the gods of the grove or river or mountain—to *our* gods and the gods of our fathers,"—said Israel's masters? To the lions with the Jew! To the stake with the cursed unbeliever!" Every

horrible form of torture was used against him, every cruelty, every horrid barbarism, that the mind of the bigot and fanatic could invent—but without effect.

Again and again in his eventful history he seemed doomed; but he survived. In all history, he is the only living exception to the rule, that if you rob a people of its country, you rob it of life. Without political cohesion, subject to none, yet subject to all, he has defied the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he has withstood the gnawing tooth of envy and has floated down the ocean of time, *invincible, immortal, immutable*. His survival after all the dastardly attacks upon his life and reputation, after all the persecutions and tortures that have been wreaked upon him, entitle him to the name of *the evergreen of God's right-hand planting*. Thumb-screw and rack, dungeon and funeral pyre, scaffold and stake, have seared him and scarred him, and have converted the simple rustic, agricultural manners acquired in Palestine to traits that anavor of his other surroundings. Again and again was he on the verge of destruction. Again and again a mighty nation might, by a sweep of the hand, have wiped him out of existence; but there was none to do the deed. Some unseen power has shielded him and reserved him for a better fate.

CHILD.

Has the Jew permitted this suffering and persecution to shake his purpose?

READER.

By no means. The world has wooed him from his purpose, but it has not won him. It has used him cruelly, but it has not crushed him. The fires of persecution have burned him, but they have only purged him of much dross. The waters of intolerance have passed over him, but they have only purified him. Endowed with the

noblest mission of blessing the whole world, commissioned to be the vehicle of a religion of joy, commanded to live until right should be might and all men should call each other brethren, he has resolutely withstood trials, suffered tribulations and endured persecution. He has been ostracized for his opinions. He has been cut off by society for his beliefs. He might have surrendered. Had other nations been called on to endure what the Jew has suffered, they would probably have yielded. But he has been supported by the conviction that if it is heroic to die for a cause, it is more heroic to live for it. His is all the greater heroism for knowing that the future always meant struggle, he, nevertheless, held on to his purpose unshaken. "Are you not afraid?" said a young officer to an older companion whose face was pale, as they stood on the battle-field in the thick of the fight. "Yes," he replied, "I am afraid, and if you were one-half as fearful as I, you would flee." One less heroic than the Jew would have quailed. One less prepared for a mission than he would long since have renounced it.

CHILD.

What is the mission of which we speak so often?

READER.

Perhaps the following parable may answer the question: There is a steep mountain, whose top reaches to the very heavens. Above it sits Truth. A lonely pilgrim is climbing it, outstrips his fellow climbers, and ascending higher and ever higher, he catches a glimpse of the Divine Beauty. Back to the plains he turns to tell his message to the world. Descent is easy, until the traveller finds that he is attacked from ambushes. Obstacles are thrown in his way, difficulties are created by those he had earlier left behind. Long and dreary are the detours he makes, but everywhere he finds the same obstacles, the

same difficulties. Finally an angel spirit appears, and touching these opponents with the wand of Brotherly Love, opposition is withdrawn. The pilgrim now is joined by his former opponents, and together they march down, chanting triumphantly the message he had brought from above, "Mankind is one on the earth below, as God is One in the Heavens above." On the plains beneath they all mingle. Our pilgrim is no longer one alone. Surrounded by billions, he is no longer to be distinguished, for he is as they, they are as he. That pilgrim is the Jew who, desiring to bless men with his characteristic truth, has met with violent opposition, that must sooner or later cease.

That truth is a simple one. It is expressed in a few words as the Unity of God and the Unity of the Human Family. It means the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It means that we all have one Father and that the same God has created all of us. It means that we should treat all men with courtesy and love, doing to others as we would that others should do to us. It means that we hope for the time when all men will cluster around the altar of the One God, as we gather around the family table in peace and love. Simple as this truth is the world has not yet learned it and even the members of our own religion have prevented the realization of this grand and ennobling hope. For Judaism should have been like a huge cataract, pouring down the mountain's side to feed the lakes and rivers that might spread fertility. But the earthquake of intolerance and ignorance has loosened the rocks and dammed up the cataract with huge stones of prejudice and superstition. The Passover therefore comes with its message: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord; every valley shall be exalted; the crooked shall be made straight; the narrow shall be made broad. Take away these stones and let the living waters of your pure faith flow on unimpeded! Remove these rocks that the waters of religion may run unobstructed, that they may rejoice the thirsty

earth, that they may splash along merrily, announcing: Ho everyone that thirsteth come, come to the waters and drink without pay! Come everyone, be your creed what it may, be your sect what it may, come and drink and slake the thirst of your parched soul!'

To work in this spirit alone gives a meaning to our lives as Jews to-day. Devotion to such a noble undertaking alone justifies us in remaining Jews and in rearing you and consecrating you to your religion. For Judaism is a reasonable faith. It is like an arch whose keystone is Truth and whose supporting columns are Mercy and Justice. It seeks to rear a Temple that shall be a house of God for all peoples, where all men shall, side by side, worship their common Father in love and harmony. The world laughs at the idea of Judaism even considering such a task. It says that Judaism is like a mummy full of maxims, fragrant of balm and spices, but without warmth and life. Order the shrouds for it, say the nations; dig its grave, purchase its coffin! for Judaism is dead. Judaism dead! When there is not one who yearns for justice, when the human heart throbs no more with divine love, when God falls into disuse, then will Judaism be dead! They ask for a coffin for a dead faith; but we declare that what we want is a cradle for the new hopes of a broader humanity. For Judaism is an eternal truth. Truth is onward. O'er the watery main of doubt, over the tempest-tost sea of unbelief we are to propel our Mayflower, pilgrims ever in the cause of our fellowmen.

CHILD:

When will this task be accomplished?

READER:

Only when the world understands the meaning of the motto of the Jew: "Humanity is one on the earth below, as God is One in the heavens above." Only when men

make their spiritual food the unleavened bread of pure religion, the symbol of which we have before us on this table. Only when men remove from the homes of their soul the leaven of irreligion, when they cast out their impure thoughts and overcome their evil inclinations. When men speak the one language of peace and goodwill; when they act towards each other as members of one family; when swords are beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks; when nation does not lift up sword against nation and war is learnt no more; when the earth is full of the knowledge of God as the waters cover the bed of the sea and over all the earth men worship "the God who is One and whose name is The One," then and not till then will our task be finished. As the ambassadors of an idea, we shall then have delivered our portfolios to the nations of the earth, and we may then go out of existence, our mission will be over. But until then we must not yield. To-day the harmony that should prevail, as ordained by God, has been interrupted. It is our greatest hope that the discord will be modulated into harmony. For mankind is like a vast orchestra. To-day all are not in time or tune. But they yet shall be and all hearts shall be full of joy and love and gratitude. Then a grand oratorio entitled "The conquest of the God-Idea" will be performed and churches, cathedrals, synagogues, mosques and pagodas shall furnish their quota to join in the grand Hallelujah chorus "Thy Lord God omnipotent reigneth and all mankind is a unity even as is their Father who is in Heaven."

(Reader raises the glass of wine that has been placed in the centre of the table and replaces it after reciting the following pledge:)

I raise this wine to the sentiment, "Our history and our hope, our religion and our mission." Our fathers loved

them, lived for them and died for them. They sowed in tears, they went forth weeping bearing the precious seed of truth, that future generations might reap in joy. We, children of heroes and martyrs, pledge ourselves to them in sincerity and truth. Of our fathers we may say, their love was strong as death. Many waters could not quench their zeal, nor could the fires consume their devotion to God: even though the world offered all it had for them to leave their religion and their mission, it was utterly condemned.

We, too, will act in the spirit of our sires. We will consider no sacrifice too great, no duty too difficult, no labor too arduous to honor our religion, and to carry on the blessed mission of Israel that is to introduce the world's Passover, when all men shall be brought out of the Egypt of narrowness and bigotry, when all men shall be liberated from the oppression of ignorance, when all hatred and uncharitableness shall be engulfed in the Red Sea of oblivion, and the ransomed hosts of humanity shall sing a new song of peace and love and goodwill for all.

(All drink of the second glass of wine.)

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

The following verses are to be read alternately by Reader and the assembled company.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, now may Israel say,

Then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us.

If it had not been the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us,

Then the waters had overwhelmed us, the stream had gone over our souls.

It shall come to pass in the fulness of time that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains.

It shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it.

And many nations will go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the house of God.

He will teach us of his ways and we will walk in his paths.

Nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks.

Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen.

That ye may know that I am he. Before me there was no God neither shall there be after me.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee ; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned ; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

Fear not ; for I have redeemed thee ; I have called thee by thy name ; thou art mine.

Sing, O ye heavens, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and drink.

I, the Lord, will pour water upon him that thirsteth for me.

(The whole company shall then sing the hymn on the following page.)

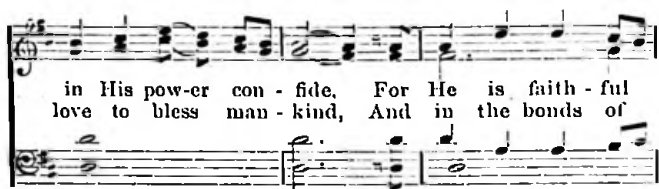
ISRAEL'S CALLING.

Moderato.

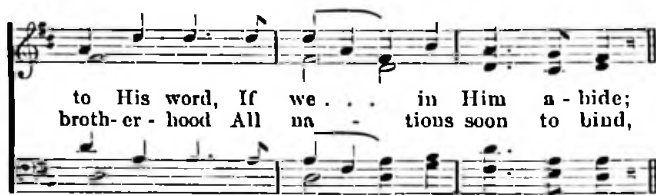
Traditional Melody.



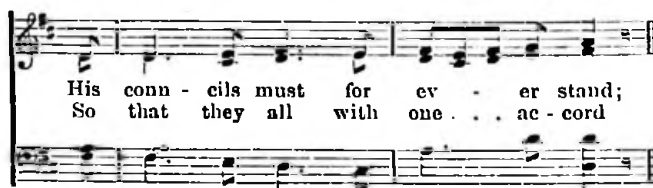
1. Let Is - rael trust in God a - lone, And
2. Let Is - rael strive for truth a - lone, In



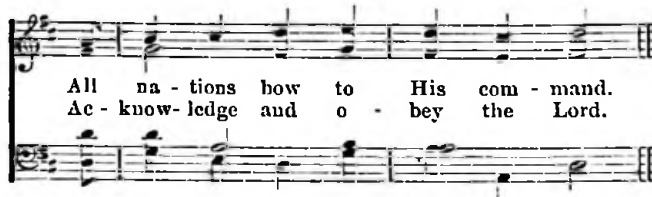
in His pow - er con - fide, For He is faith - ful
love to bless man - kind, And in the bonds of



to His word, If we . . . in Him a - bide;
broth - er - hood All na - tions soon to bind,



His conn - cils must for ev - er stand;
So that they all with one . . . ac - cord



All na - tions how to His com - mand.
Ac - know - ledge and o - bey the Lord.

CHILD:

What further meaning has the Passover besides this duty of remaining true to our Religion and our Mission?

READER:

History itself was born on the night when Israel gained that most brilliant victory of liberating himself from slavery, formed himself into a nation and taught the world the lesson of freedom. It is worthy of our attention that if we were to-day invited to observe the Passover from the national Jewish standpoint, we would probably be morally compelled to refuse to do so. We stand to-day not for Palestine, but for the world. Our history and our hopes are recited not for us alone, but for the whole human family. We keep the Passover not alone for ourselves, but for the nations of the earth. Of all the gifts presented to man liberty is the choicest. When Israel rebuked the oppressing Pharaoh, when he shook the dust of Egypt from his feet, when the same full moon, that sheds on us to-night its silvery light, shone over the palm groves on the banks of the Nile and illumined the pathway of our liberated fathers, then Liberty was given birth. The sacred fire of freedom was then lit, and by God's Providence it will never be extinguished.

We must not consider the exodus from Egypt by itself. It can only be properly appreciated when set side by side with the mighty event that took place a few weeks later at Mount Sinai, when the "Ten Words" were given to Israel. Taken together they make of the Jew the greatest blessing to the human family. The Passover brought him life and liberty; Sinai gave him law and education. What is life without education? An existence without an aim, sorrow without comfort, anguish without hope, grief without cure. It is the existence of "the poor Indian," the miserable passage, through a

wild desert, of the negro in Africa, of the galley slave, of the Indian Pariah. Life without education is like a gem without a setting, a soul without a body, a flower without the sun's light and heat. And liberty without law is much the same. The freeman who recognizes no law is a brute, for he is a slave to all the propensities that mark the animal. Liberty without law produces a Czar, a Reign of Terror, a Commune, a bomb-thrower, a highway robber. The miscreants of modern society are the product of liberty without law. A freeman who recognizes no law is little more than a bushranger, a Hottentot, one who has the appearance of a man, but who is but a two-legged animal. Liberty without law must decline and run wild, like the beasts of the field, and liberty degenerated has dug its own grave. It is the law that makes liberty valuable and crowns it as the highest of our gifts. It is an almost slavish obedience to the law that alone brings us liberty. In a special sense we may paraphrase the poet's words and say, "He alone is free whom the law makes free," and it is this powerful combination of liberty and law, or civil liberty, that has been the special contribution of the Jew to society.

Judaism was the first to announce that man was born to be free. The prerogative with which he was invested stamped his liberty and proclaimed him the noblest of creation, for the beasts that roam the plains, the birds that traverse the pathless air and the finny tribes of the sea were under his control. In appearance erect, his look proclaimed his liberty. When Diogenes was asked "What is liberty?" he replied, in true Jewish style, "It is the greatest of all good things and the foundation of all excellence." True, indeed, is this, for liberty to act and think and speak in harmony with law and truth—and this alone is liberty—is the flower of life, the vital essence of a happy existence on earth. Its elevating influence lends a charm and grace to all our

surroundings, and ensures the happiness, security and well-being of the state. As the elixir of the ancient philosophers was designed to convert base metal into bright gold, so is Liberty intended to change the ignominious conditions of barbarism into the glorious estate of a refined civilization.

"Freedom is the sun, the sea, the mountains, the air.
Bondage is winter, darkness, death, despair."

This liberty, which is the perfect harmony between the freedom of the individual and a complete obedience to an orderly and systematic government, such as we are blessed with in this happy land, took its rise in Israel. In the domains of liberty Israel was pioneer, and not Europe, as has been often asserted. Historians agree that the nations surrounding Israel were bold and courageous, lovers of the sea and adventure. The Phœnicians, for example, sent their ships to all known lands, from the Tin-islands of Britain to the spice-bearing tropical isles of the Indian Ocean. But these nations, unlike Israel, had no idea of civil liberty. It was not until they had visited his sanctuary in Judea, and stolen from his altar the sacred fire kindled there by the Jew, that they learned to make the light that has not yet been extinguished. Liberty and civilization have gone hand in hand. The impulse towards Freedom given by Palestine was carried into Europe by the Phœnicians. Greece and Rome were the next recipients. Within the last few centuries we see it striding across Europe from Rome to the Italian republics, to Holland, Switzerland, England, America and France, until to-day the Jew has the proud satisfaction of seeing his idea realized in nearly every civilized community.

Like that of a great stream is the story of liberty. On the mountain top are its many gurgling pools and rippling brooks. By the unseen force of gravitation they wind their way with playful murmurings down the mountain's side, here joining, here separating, but constantly

hewing out a channel deep and broad. Obstacles are hurled aside; hindrances are swept away; all barriers to progress are overcome. Anon the great volume of waters reaches the plain and meanders on as a broad-flowing river, producing fertility and beauty on its banks, and carrying blessings and bounty on its bosom. From the top of Sinai the stream of liberty has come down through time. It has over-ridden nearly every obstacle invented by tyranny and despotism. "It was barred by the Pharaohs and Assyrian monarchs. It was checked by ambitious Greeks and martial Romans. It was hindered by Czars and Emperors, and by lawless dukes and barons." But it has at last wended its way down to the broad plains of humanity. On the fertile banks of this river now stand the liberated children of men, awaiting to see the rest of the human family pass over, and also waiting the destruction beneath its surging flood of raging billows of the Pharaohs and their hosts of modern tyranny. Nay, liberty, enhanced by law, is not the child born of the Goths and Huns and Vandals, of the Danes and Saxons. These races, like the Phœnicians, were hardy and brave, but they were lawless. They were the progenitors of the Middle Ages. They had scarcely a conception of civil liberty until the Crusaders brought it from lands where Israel had taught it. They were the parents of fairy tales and folk lore, legends and superstitions and myths, and also the fearful Feudal system, with all its attendant horrors and barbarism and comparative slavery, whilst Israel developed a religious system remarkably pure, and the Jubilee system, which proclaimed "liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof."

On the side of liberty will the Jew always be found, not, as it has been said, because he is the gainer thereby, but because he is liberty-loving. Cast your eye where you will over his history, and you find illustrations in abundance. His defence of Palestine was pathetically beautiful. As-

syrian and Babylonian found in him the most bitter and determined of all their victims. Syria, under Antiochus, was nowhere so completely repulsed as by the Maccabees, whose struggle on behalf of civil and religious liberty cannot be overestimated. Rome was reminded that Judea was not a toy, and years of patient siege and struggle were needed to reduce it. And even in more modern times you find him on the liberal side. In the pages of profane history you will find recorded the brave deeds of doughty warriors. Here you will read of the brilliant courage of the Spartan Leonidas and his brave three hundred at the pass of Thermopylæ: there of the undaunted valor of the Roman Horatius, and elsewhere of the intrepid devotion of the Colonials at Bunker Hill. But the recital of no historical event or events is more calculated to make eyes glisten, pulses quicken and hearts throb with sympathy and pride than the recital of the continuous stand made by Israel, throughout the ages, for the sake of Liberty.

Nowhere has this thought for which Israel has stood been more exquisitely described than by the poet whose words one of you will now read.

TRUE FREEDOM.

Men! whose boast it is, that ye
 Come of fathers, brave and free,
 If there breathe on earth a slave,
 Are ye truly free and brave?
 If ye do not feel the chain
 When it works a brother's pain,
 Are ye not base slaves, indeed,
 Slaves unworthy to be freed?

Is true freedom but to break
 Fetters for our own dear sake,
 And with heathen hearts forget
 That we owe mankind a debt?

No! true freedom is to share
 All the chains our brothers wear,
 And with heart and hand to be
 Earnest to make others free!

They are slaves who fear to speak
 For the fallen and the meek;
 They are slaves, who will not choose
 Hatred, scoffing and abuse
 Rather than in silence shrink
 From the truth they needs must think;
 They are slaves, who dare not be
 In the right with two or three.

CHILD:

Is it not true that others have struggled for liberty?

PARENT:

Yes; most nations have striven for freedom. Myriads swore and perished in attempting to keep their oath, that the rights of the individual should be respected, that bad faith should fall before truth! Is not this the very text of the Declaration of Independence? Is not this the very soul of the French Republic? Was not this the declaration of a Cromwell and a Hampden? Was it not this sense of the supreme justice of right, of Personal Freedom, that led Luther to oppose a king, a court, a kingdom and Rome? Was not this the very spirit of a Savonarola, a Huss? Through whom were they inspired? Through the men of whom they read. Who were these men? Moses, Elijah, Isaiah, Micah, Malachi. Where did they read of these men? In a book that they opened at dawn of day and closed only with their slumbers. What was that book? The Bible. What made the Bible a possibility? The Exodus from Egypt. Had Pharaoh's plan succeeded there never would have been a famous Sinai, nor

the Prophets, nor the Maccabees, nor many other heroes. Has that book been of such incalculable good to the world that through its existence we claim for the Passover pre-eminence over all revolutions, moral and political? Yes, indeed.

The best literature of thirty centuries is to be found in it. Warriors have fought for it; martyrs have died for it. The sacred books of the Christian, Mohammedan, and the works of the philosophers have stolen its brightest gems. It fired the eloquence of an Akiba and a Chrysostom, "upon whose lips the bees settled and left their honey there." It suggested the divine poems of Halevi, Racine and Milton. It awoke the intrepid genius of Maimonides, Spinoza and Mendelssohn. It inspired the pictures of Raffael, the sculpture of Angelo, the music of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Handel. This book has destroyed tyrannies. It was this book that led the Pilgrim fathers to found this republic, and it will yet inspire men to strike for freedom and the recognition of personal rights. It has been the pioneer on the road of civilization. It has kindled a love for right, duty and pure conduct. It has cheered the masses toiling for bread, it has brought hope and comfort into the homes of the afflicted. Its symbol is pure light. It inspired Montefiore, Howard and Fry to devote their lives to suffering humanity, and Reese and Cooper and Hirsch and Peabody to provide for the wants of the poor. But for the Bible a Republic like ours would never have existed. The Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock with their Bibles under their arms, fortified with the conviction that the good Book was their strongest defense. Its psalms offer consolation, hope and strength under every condition in life. Its pictures of sin and repentance, of prayer and its answer, of prophecy and realization, suffice for our needs. Its God of mercy and love, its law of charity and justice, its all-embracing philosophy of life render it more valua-

ble than all the products of the academies and schools of philosophy; for these appealed to and influenced a few men; the Bible has appealed to and influenced nations. When Solon and Justinian will be forgotten, Moses and Ezekiel will be influential for good. When the oratory of Demosthenes and Cicero will fail to touch a sympathetic chord in the human breast, the eloquence of Isaiah and the pastoral poetry of Amos will move the heart and subdue it to goodness. When the philosophies of Aristotle and Plato will be no more read, the Psalms of David will still be joyously sung and the rule of life will be Solomon's advice: "Reverence God and keep his commands."

Nature has produced many mountain-peaks, there is only one Everest. She has given many rivers; there is but one Amazon. Many countries have produced grand sculptors; there is only one Angelo. Many countries have evolved noble systems of religion; there is only one Palestine. Many nations have given to the world great dramatists; there is but one Shakespeare. Many peoples have given grand collections of national literature; there is only one Bible. "Ponder on it; dig deep into it;" teach the Rabbis, "for everything is in it." All whose souls have thirsted for truth as the hart pants for the water-brooks, have been able to drink from its waters and satisfy their longings. How beautiful are those words of Whittier concerning it:

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven scroll and written stone,
From the old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the book our mothers read."

"The hundred best books, the hundred best pieces of music, the hundred best pictures are all in it." What a book, said Heinrich Heine, after a day spent in his unusual task of

reading it. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, all are in this book." People reverence the work as the very foundation on which national righteousness is built, and the motto of nations is "The Bible is the rock on which rests the well-being of our country." And its words appeal to us as no music will, even after a life of sin and sorrow. On his death bed Daniel Webster repented to his physician those famous words "Even tho' I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff shall comfort me." And the great man faltered out "Thy rod—Thy staff, O God," and died.

CHILD.

Is civil liberty the only form of freedom that the Passover teaches?

READER.

No. We learn also from it the higher form of liberty known as religious liberty. The demand of Moses was not only that Israel might go free, but also that he might "serve his God." Men are not all constituted alike. Nature never intended us all to be alike, to think alike, to act alike. Different men have different ideas of God and the manner in which he may best be served. It is man's privilege to think as his conscience dictates. It is his God-given right to follow his mind, so long as he does not interfere with the rights of his neighbor or infringe the law of the land. To worship God according to the dictates of conscience, to observe the principles of religion as each one understands them without interference or hindrance, is to enjoy religious liberty. The fruits of religious liberty have not been gathered without a great struggle. Its opponents wreaked a terrible revenge on those who strove

for it. They dyed their hands in innocent blood. They widowed women and orphaned children. They burned those who were the ideals of virtue and goodness, as if they were pestilential rubbish. They exiled whole nations and placed the crown of thorns on whole peoples. They gave the poison cup to many of those who should have been given the golden crown, and many of those who should have been decorated with the laurel wreath, they mercilessly beheaded.

The enemies of religious liberty have been guilty of unpardonable crimes. They strove to make all believe alike and because those who loved truth more than their life would not, or rather, could not, their powerful opponents sent armies to plead for God with bow and arrow, sword and shield. They came between husband and wife, and separated them, and bore away children from their parents' arms. They often made home a curse and country a terror. They stood in the way of the progress of human intellect. They fired the fagots beneath the feet of the fearless few. They hurled stones at the head of those who dared to use their brains. They erected prisons for scientific discoverers. They had a rope ready for the neck of all who differed from their ipse-dixits. By enforcing their monstrous doctrines they robbed youth of its joy and maidenhood of its happiness. They converted every cradle into a mass of depravity and every coffin into a mould of corruption. They planned more massacres of innocents, caused more needless suffering, projected more diabolical mischief than any other movements were ever guilty of. It is impossible to prevent the conquest of truth. It may proceed slowly, but it finally triumphs. Religious Liberty, opposed and fought at every point still progressed and finally won.

CHILD.

Where do we find Civil and Religious Liberty united to-day?

READER.

Here in America. The founders of this nation determined that here all men should be free, physically and morally. Here men should be as God had designed them to be, politically equal; equal before the law, and free to worship their God according to their special beliefs. Occasionally, even here, we find certain sects acting in an intolerant manner; but they can find no support for their conduct in the law of the land. To us, America stands as the very ideal of Liberty and therefore we grace the table to-night with our national flag. That flag stands "for equal rights for all. It means free hands, free lips, self-government. It means universal education, light for every mind, knowledge for every child. It means that the school-house is the bulwark of liberty. It means that 'governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.' It means that 'eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.' It means that every citizen of this Republic must be protected. It means that all distinctions based on birth or blood have perished from our laws and that the government shall give and guarantee simple justice to each and all. It means that there shall be a legal remedy for every wrong. It is an emblem of hospitality—that we must welcome to our shores the exiles of the world, and that we may not drive them back. Some may be deformed by labor, dwarfed by hunger, broken in spirit, victims of tyranny, in whose sad faces may be read the touching record of a weary life, and yet their children, born of liberty and love, will be fair, intelligent and free. That flag is a symbol of a supreme will—of a nation's power. Beneath its folds the weakest must be protected, and the strongest must obey." It is not surprising that we love this country so dearly. It is not at all a matter of wonder that we are deeply interested in its welfare. For America is the child of the Old Testament. It is the "Moses and the Prophets"

of modern times. Twice in her history was she inspired by their daring, brilliant, philanthropic example; once when they showed the world how to struggle for liberty, and again when they established a republic that secured equal rights for all and inscribed upon its banner "One God, the Father of all, and One law for homeborn and foreigner." The Pilgrim Fathers landed here inspired by Israel's wanderings to go out even to the wilderness and worship God. The immortal Declaration of Independence is the Great Charter declaimed before Pharaoh by Moses. The whole army of abolitionists are the product of the Bible, and the love of civil liberty that moved Channing and Parker, Whittier and Lloyd Garrison was nourished by it. The Old Testament first taught men that Government must be a government by law, universally and equally applicable to all and this is the controlling idea of Mosaic and American legislation. The Fourth of July is the American Passover. Thanksgiving day is the American Feast of Tabernacles.

It is therefore quite in keeping with the service this evening to pledge our country. In raising this third glass of wine to our lips let us pray that God will ever protect our land, that here liberty may forever dwell, that peace may abide within her borders and prosperity within her homes.

(The wine is drunk, after which the following passages are repeated alternately by Reader and the assembled company.)

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

Behold, I have taught you statutes and judgments that ye shall do.

What nation is there so great that hath statutes and judgments so righteous as all this law.

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night.

Then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

For this land is not like the land of Egypt, but floweth with milk and honey.

It is a land which the Lord thy God careth for ; his eyes are upon it from the beginning of the year until the end of the year.

I, the Lord, have called thee in righteousness, for a covenant of the people, for a light to the nations.

To open the blind eyes ; to bring out the prisoners from the prisons, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

Have we not all one Father ? Hath not one God created us
Why should we deal treacherously with one another ?

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk in humility !

Wash ye, make you clean ; cease to do wrong ; learn to do well ;
put away all evil doing from you.

Seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

See, I have set before thee this day life and good, death and evil, in that I command thee to love the Lord.

I call heaven and earth to witness that I have set before thee life and death, blessing and curse ; and thou shalt choose life.

Ye shall do no unrighteousness in justice ; ye shall not deal falsely one with the other.


Ye shall not avenge, nor bear any grudge against each other, but thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

(The whole company shall then sing the hymn on the following page.)



AMERICA.

National Anthem.



S. F. SMITH.



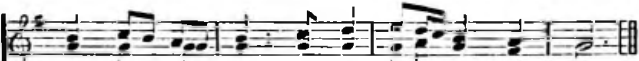

1. My coun - try 'tis of Thee, Sweet land of
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from
4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of



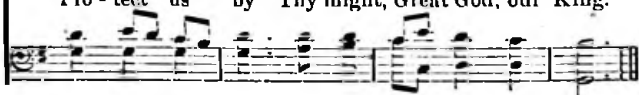
lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
no - ble free, Thy name I love: I love thy
all the trees Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor - tal
lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our



fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grim's pride,
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
tongues a - wake. Let all that breathe par - take,
land be bright With free - dom's ho - ly light;



From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.
My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



CHILD.

Should we not feel happy because of the remarkable services Israel has rendered to the world, and that we here enjoy the fruits of liberty?

READER.

We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Almighty God for the wonderful preservation of Israel, nor to our heroes and heroines of the past who have so faithfully striven for the good of mankind. Nations, mighty and powerful, who sought our harm, are dead and their gods are fallen. Israel still lives and the God he worships is the God of Humanity. His belief is time-worn, but time-honored. Age that weakens everything else has only strengthened the truths he has given. Familiarity that lowers everything else has only enhanced the value of his traditions of Love, Mercy and Justice. To an unwilling world he has taught the sublimest lessons, and though the debt has not always been acknowledged, it will yet be paid. As our ancestors expressed their gratitude in hymns of praise, so may we too repeat their words as a fitting conclusion to the first part of this service.

HALLEL.

(The following verses are to be read alternately by Reader and the assembled company.)

Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord.

Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time forth and for evermore

From the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same the Lord's name is to be praised.

The Lord is high above all nations, and his glory above the heavens.

When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language ;

Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion.

The sea saw it, and fled ; Jordan was driven back.

The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs.

Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the God of Jacob.

Which turned the rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of water.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

Praise him for his mighty acts ; praise him according to his excellent greatness.

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise him with the timbrel and dance ; praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

PRAYER.

READER.

Most merciful God! With the Psalmist of old we may say: Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, may Israel now say: Many a time have they afflicted me from my youth, yet they have not prevailed against me. The plowers plowed upon my back, they made long their

furrows. The hand of man has been against us but none has been able to turn aside the eternal decree that Israel shall be a blessing to the world. As the ancient people were delivered from Egyptian bondage, so, again and again they have been brought out safe from the snare of the fowler. We, their grateful descendants, thank thee and praise Thee that Thou hast ever been with us, that Thou didst command Right and Truth to guard us on the way we have gone. It is through the Lord's great mercies that we have not been consumed. It is thy tender pity that has ever surrounded us and hovered over us as the eagle hovers o'er its nest.

When we were awearied waiting so long for the time of prediction that even now has not yet come, Thy servants ever inspired us with the hope that the end is worthy of our struggle, that the cause is worthy of the suffering it has brought. We thank Thee for all the words of comfort and cheer, for all the lessons of Duty and Love that Thy servants have given us. Inspired by their devotion to Thee, they have uplifted a world. Their example has led men to strive for liberty. When the tyrant sought to enslave, our ancestors bravely revolted. Israel praising thee on the Red Sea's banks for thy gracious protection has taught men never to suffer the godlike within them to become debased by bondage.

We ask Thee to continue Thy protection over us and all dear to us. Be pleased to protect our land and our homes. We are grateful that our lot has been cast in such pleasant places. We pray that more and more this people may appreciate its great blessings. May here men learn to love one another and to abide together in unity. May they learn that Thou alone art God, that Thou art Father of us all. May the genius of liberty that is so dear to this people spread all over the earth. May oppression cease, and ignorance depart. May the shadows flee away and the bright morning of liberty and love, of peace and joy be

ushered in all the world over. May the knowledge of Thee increase and may men recognize Thy greatness and Thy goodness. May they learn to express their faith in Thee as Israel has unwaveringly announced it: Hear, O Israel, the Eternal is our God, the eternal God is Unity. Amen.

(The evening meal should be served here.)

GRACE BEFORE THE MEAL.

READER.

For that which we are about to receive, may we be truly grateful. Whatever we have is Thine, O God, and we but render unto Thee that which is Thine. Thou art a God of loving kindness, Thy mercy is unutterable. Thou causest food to grow from the earth to strengthen the heart of man. Thou openest Thy hand and satisfiest all things in Thy goodness. For us, too, Thou preparest a table, and fillest us with good. May Thy great and holy name be praised forever. Amen.

GRACE AFTER THE MEAL.

READER.

We yield Thee hearty thanks for Thy great bounty by which we are sustained throughout our lives. This table is a further evidence of the great goodness that Thou showerest upon the children of men. Not the tiniest creature has been formed through Thy love, but Thou providest for it. Thy mercies are great; they are renewed every morning. Until now we have never wanted, may

we never lack sustenance. Bless us, O God, with Thy Fatherly care that is more pleasing to us than any earthly possession. May we ever know the happiness of gratitude for all the joys and good provided for us by Thy bounty. Amen.

(Here the fourth cup of wine is drunk.)

CHILD.

Was not the Passover originally an agricultural festival?

READER.

There is no doubt but that from the earliest times men have held festivals in praise of their God as the seasons of the year have changed. It is well known that long before the Exodus the Egyptians held a spring festival. In the Scriptures we read that one of the important features of the celebration of the Passover was the offering of the first ripe sheaves of barley. It was natural that when the winter was over and the flowers appeared upon the earth, when the dove's voice was again heard and the fig and vine began to grow that men should pour forth their hearts in gratitude for the joys and beauties of Spring.

CHILD:

Did it have no further meaning?

READER.

Yes; it brought to men the hope of immortality, symbolized by the flowers upon this table. Man saw the flower fade and die and when spring returned, he saw it blossom again; and so he dreamed of a time when he should die, he too should blossom forth and live again. The spring is the first teacher of a resurrection. Ages and ages before an organized religion was known she had

uttered this truth with amazing eloquence. In every blade of grass that sought to bathe itself in the sunshine or drink in the refreshing dew, in every tiny bud that burst its cerements, she uttered it. And as it was with nature, so man thought concerning himself. There would be an awakening, not physical, but spiritual. And this thought seems to have been the burden of that vision described with so much force by the great prophet of the exile, Ezekiel, and which is one of the Scripture readings selected for the Passover.

By Babylon's stream once he sat. Though a priest by birth, he was a prophet by nature. Endowed with a powerful imagination, he stands to-day as the most prolific of all the Bible writers, in the use of allegory and symbols. Tradition tells us that it was in the spring-time that he sat by the Chebar, musing, pondering, wondering. Around him nature appeared in her most attractive guise. The trees were gemmed with leaves of brightest green. The air was instinct with life; the hum of insect and the song of bird fell in musical cadence upon his ear. The soft zephyrs gently fanned his face, and the river moved merrily on in its course towards the great Euphrates. Fruit-trees filled the air with the delicious odor of their early blossoms, and the grassy meadows were dotted with flowers of variegated hue. The prophet drank in the sweetness of the sight. Wherever he looked, he saw life and youth and activity. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and presented the mournful appearance of one stricken with sorrow and disappointment, misery and discontent. A thought, overpowering in its intensity, had passed through his mind. What a contrast did that brilliant, though almost inanimate picture present, to the distressing condition of his fellow-captives in the land of the king of mighty Babylon! How different, the bright hues, the beautiful scenery, the free bird winging its flight through the path-

less air, and the sombre aspect, the lonely condition, the enslaved position of captive Israel! Here was life: in Israel it seemed there was death. At once there was conjured up before his mind a picture that completely expressed his dismal thoughts. The peaceful, smiling valley was strewn with the dead bones of the slain. As far as the eye could reach, it rested upon nothing but the relics of the dead. Wheresoever he stepped, he trod upon the dried remains of the departed. The picture was not exhilarating. The scene was not inspiring. In a moment, however, a brighter thought seemed to pass through his mind. The man of God hears what he calls the voice of the Almighty asking "Can these dead bones live!" and he answered "O Lord God Thou knowest." Again we are told the voice spoke to him "Prophecy upon these dead bones and say unto them O ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord. Behold I will cause breath to enter into you and ye shall live." Scarcely had these words been uttered, than amid a great noise and shaking, the bones came together, bone to his bone. Sinews and flesh came up on them and skin covered them; but there was no breath in them. Again in the name of the Lord the prophet spoke "Come, O spirit, from the four corners of the earth, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live." As he uttered this command, even then they lived, and standing upon their feet, they made an exceeding great army. (Ezekiel xxxvii).

From the very earliest times this narrative has been regarded as nothing more or less than a mere allegory. The Talmud explains "that the dead, that Ezekiel resurrected were only creatures of the imagination." (Talmud Sanhedrin, 91). Were there, however, any doubt of this, we have but to continue reading the Scriptural text which interprets it metaphorically. "These bones are the whole house of Israel: Behold, they say, Our bones are dried and our hope is lost." Pure Judaism never taught the

doctrine of the resurrection of the body. As far as we can tell it is Zoroastrian in origin. Certain people, even sects among the Jews may have accepted the belief, but it never rose to the dignity of a creed. The resurrection of the dead, who are "to awaken in God's likeness" has always been a high hope with the Jews. One of the most beautiful teachings of our religion is this very Immortality-Belief.

CHILD.

Will you tell us something about this belief?

READER.

It is almost as old as the human heart, nearly as ancient as the human affections. In the dark night of bereavement, man caught a nebulous, trembling suggestion, which has since evolved into a world of hope. The loving human heart racked by the pain of the loss of dear ones sent up a piteous appeal that was answered by the Immortality-Belief. Love was its mother; suffering, its father. The oldest Bible, a mother's heart, taught it first, and every Bible has reproduced it since. The waves of the sea, creeping up the strand, when returning leave little pools behind; but onward flow the waves again and unite the separated waters. So the heaving ocean of human love could not brook the idea of parting, and was only stilled when on the waves of thought, appeared the suggestion of ultimate union.

Whatever shape this suggestion assumed at first, we cannot tell, but we find evidence that at its basis stood dreams. Bereft of his beloved ones, man beheld their adored forms in the visions of the night. Again he clasped them to his throbbing heart, again his lips met theirs in fond embrace, again he heard the music of their voice, again he trod with them spots hallowed by sweetest memories. And when the sun rose on the morrow and

gilded the earth with its gladsome light, and when the birds filled the air with their merry lays, and when the earth was instinct with life, the memory of that vision carried with it the conviction that though the departed were removed from the earth still they lived, being dead yet they spoke. Not content with this message from dreamland, man sought the teachings of nature, to learn of his own fate from other experiences. When the winter's death in the vegetable world was over, he saw nature's grave blossom forth anew, and he conceived the thought of a perpetual spring when all that is mortal should bloom in lovelier form. He observed how the homely beetle broke forth with renewed life from its self-made tomb, when the spring-tide sun brought fresh warmth to the earth, and he hung the scarab in his temples as a symbol of everlasting life. He saw how the ugly caterpillar lay itself down and spun the shrouds, from which it soon emerged a rainbow-hued butterfly, newly endowed for a new life under new conditions, and he bethought him of a time when man might disentangle himself from the cerements of the body, a thing of beauty forever, and thereafter he inscribed on the tombstone—the monument standing on the borderland of two worlds—a butterfly as an emblem of immortality.

CHILD.

Can we know whether there is a hereafter?

READER.

It is very difficult to say. We are met by two answers, there is, there is not; we meet our dear ones forever or never. Who knows? Who can tell? Who can say to the aching heart, dear ones meet never to part? Whoever says that they who are dead yet shall speak to us hereafter, says more than he knows. Whoever says that they will not, says more than he can prove. We hope

and believe that when we have laid down life here, we shall begin another life hereafter. We hope and believe that the coffin is a casket whose brightest gem has been removed elsewhere. We hope and believe that the grave is not a goal, but a conservatory which enables man to live anew, not a blind-alley but a thoroughfare, through which man passes into another state of being. We hope and believe that man is not an arrow of nothingness, shot at nothing. We know that when our darlings come to us we place them in a cradle. We hope that at death we are placed in another cradle, which we miscall a coffin, and are therein rocked into a higher life.

CHILD.

Are there not many who reject this hope?

READER.

If there be many who cannot accept this beautiful hope, who, perhaps suffering under the load of one life cannot wish to carry the burdens of another, there is still for all an immortality in the influence they may exert on their times and posterity. The influence of our acts, for good or evil, is felt in times still distant. The fulfillment of our present plans is in the future. It is to this that Longfellow refers when he wrote the following verses:

"I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end
I found again, in the heart of a friend."

We act to-day, but long, long afterward, that act brings the blush of shame or the flush of pride to the cheeks of those we love. The good we do, the benevolence with which we act, the unselfishness we display, raise for us an immortality of influence. It depends on ourselves whether or no we leave behind the impress of our footsteps. It rests with us whether or no we inscribe our names on the indestructible granite or on the shifting sands. To gain this immortality we need but do our best in all the conditions of life. If we act with unselfishness, if we will but deal benevolently, we will earn for ourselves an immortality of influence, as the poet has so truly said: "He who does the best he can in his own time, will live for all time."

This is the true elixir of life. It is composed of a specific called duty and love, and is labelled 'to be used constantly.' In proportion as we are influenced by them shall we live on, and the memory of us shall not die.

Our dead do not die, until we kill them by forgetfulness. They live on in us and through us, even as we shall in posterity. We are a heap of possibilities coming from the past, a mass of influence for the future. The continuous chain of good and evil knows no break, except we strengthen the latter and destroy the former. The immortal influence of example knows no interruption. The past is linked to the present; the future is prepared in the now. In this sense our loved ones never die, for they live in hearts and lives left behind. In moments of sacred joy, in hours of hallowed sorrow they beckon us on to love and duty. In times of trial and temptation, of success and failure, they stand out before our mental gaze. Once again we feel the pressure of the hand that gave childhood's blessing; once again their lips meet ours in the kiss of hope; once again we hear their voices uttering words of counsel or comfort, and by the purity of our lives, by the nobility of our deeds, by the honesty of our acts, we prove that, being dead, yet they speak.

IMMORTALITY.

For me—to have made one soul
 The better for my birth :
 To have added but one flower
 To the garden of the earth :
 To have struck one blow for truth
 In the daily fight with lies :
 To have done one deed of right
 In the face of calumnies :
 To have sown in the souls of men
 One thought that will not die—
 To have been a link in the chain of life :
 Shall be immortality.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.

The following verses are to be read alternately by Reader and the assembled company.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;

The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold.

Riches profit not in the day of wrath: but righteousness delivereth from death.

CLOSING PRAYER.

READER.

Almighty God! We have come to Thee this night with the burden of our hopes and joys. We have laid upon the altar of our faith an act of devotion that cannot enrich Thee, but which may make us the wealthier and the happier. We have rehearsed what our fathers have done, not in a spirit of boastfulness and vainglory, but that we may become strengthened by their example, that we learn to do what they have done. As they went through the world preaching the gospel of liberty and love so shall we. As they remained true and steadfast so shall we, with Thy help, O God.

We thank Thee for an ancestry that we may pattern after. May we resolve to imitate our sires. May we devote our life to the study of Thy word, given to us in Nature and in the Holy Books of men. May we resolve to fulfil the law of love, to cheer the sorrowing, to sustain the falling, to help the poor and suffering, to plead the cause of the widow and the orphan, to inveigh against all intolerance and bigotry and to become the champions of liberty. May we feel that the story of liberty is not complete until the minds of men are free from ignorance and superstition, from error and blind belief. May we remove from our hearts the leaven of sin and unbelief, and may our purified souls worship Thee alone.

We renew to-night the spiritual covenant of the Passover and we shall toil and labor for every cause that may bring about the universal Passover, when

all men shall be free, when all men shall be happy, when all men shall pass over into the promised land of knowledge and happiness, of truth and the fear of God. We thank Thee for the hope that the spring season teaches us that there is no death. May we learn to profit by this lesson. May we employ our days on earth wisely, devoting ourselves to all causes that tend to better the conditions of our fellow-men. Loving one another, aiding one another, and trusting faithfully in Thee, may we peacefully spend our allotted days on earth and look forward fearlessly to the eternal beyond. May we live so that we shall be loved living and regretted dead. May our life here ensure for us blessed immortality, and when the time shall come for us to return unto Thee, may we commit our spirit to Thy keeping, repeating the watchword that has been our inspiration through all the various circumstances of life: "Hear, O Israel, the Eternal is our God; the Eternal is Unity. Amen.